

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King receiues.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence.

Into some other Chamber: softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)

Vnlesse some doll and fauourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill: hee heere the good newes yet?

P. Hen. Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be sicke with Ioy,

Hee'll recouer without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Will please your Grace to goe along with vs?

P. Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,

Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?

O polli'd Perturbation! Golden Care

That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so found, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As hee who's Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snore out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st fit

Like a rich Armour, worne in heat of day,

That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a downey feather, which stirs not:

Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse downe

Perforce must moue: My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found in deede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuor'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderesse,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously,

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place, and Blood)

Deriues it selfe to me. Lo, heere it sits,

Which Heauen shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.

This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,

As 'tis left to me. Exit.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your

Grace?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords)?

Clar. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)

Who undertooke to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee

see him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee

stayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my

Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it

heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence:

Goe seeke him out.

Is hee so hasty, that hee doth suppose

My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes

With my disease, and helpe to end me.

See Sonnes, what things you are:

How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,

When Gold becomes her Obiect?

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers

Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,

Their braines with care, their bones with industry,

For this, they haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp

The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:

For this, they haue bene thoughtfull, to inuest

Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises,

When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower

The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packe with Wax,

Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hues,

And like the Bees, are murd'ered for our paines.

This bitter taste yeelds his engrossments,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,

With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,

That Tyranny, which neuer quaffs but blood,

Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife

With gentle eye-drops. Hee is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry).

Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.

P. Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.

King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,

That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors,

Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!

Thou seek'st the Greatesse, that will ouerwhelme thee.

Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie

Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,

That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres

Were thine, without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.

Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'd'st me not,

And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,

To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.

What? canst thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,

And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare

That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse

Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:

Onely compound me with forgotten dust.

Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:

plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;

For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.

Henry the first is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,

Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsaillors, hence:

And to the English Court, assemble now

From euery Region, Apes of Idlenesse,

Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:

Haue you a Russian that will weare drinke? dance?

Recell the night Rob? Murder? and commit

The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.

England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:

For the Fifth Harry, from curb'd License pluckes

The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge

Shall lesh his tooth in euery Innocent.

O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)

When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,

What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?

O, thou wilt be a Wildeinesse againe,

Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants).

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)

But for my Teares,

The most Impediments vnto my Speech,

I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,

Ere you (with greefe) had spok'd, and I had heard

The course of it so farre: There is your Crowne,

And he that weares the Crowne immortally,

Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,

Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,

Let me no more from this Obedience rise,

Which my most true, and inward deuous Spirit

Teacheth this prostrate, and exterior bending.

Heauen witness with me, when I heere came in,

And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,

O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,

And neuer liue, to shew th' incredulous World,

The Noble change that I haue purposed.

Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,

(And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)

I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sent)

And thus vbraided it. The Care on thee depending,

Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,

Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.

Other, lesse fine in Charact, is more precious;

Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable:

But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,

Hast eate the Bearer vp.

Thus (my Royall Liege)

Accusing it, I put it on my Head,

To try with it (as with an Enemie,

That had before my face murder'd my Father's)

The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,

Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,

If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,

Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,

Giue entertainment to the might of it,

Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,

And make me, as the poorest Vassalle is,

That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne!

Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,

That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,

Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it,

Come hither Harrie, sit thou by my bedde,

And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell)

That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne,

By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd wayes

I mer this Crowne: and I my selfe know well

How troublesome it fate vpon my head.

To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,

Better Opinion, better Confirmation:

For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes

With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,

But as an Honour snatch'd with boyf'rour hand,

And I had many liuing, to vpbraide

My gaine of it, by their Asurances,

Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,

Wounding supposed Peace.

All these bold feares,

Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:

For all my Reigne, hath bene but as a Scene,

A thing that argument. And now my death,

Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,

Falles vpon thee, in a more fayrer sort.

So thou, the Garland wear'st successiue.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,

Thou art not firme enough, since greeces are greene:

And thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends,

Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,

By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,

And by whose power, I well might lodge a Reare

To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,

I cut them off: and had a purpose now

To leade out many to the Holy Land;

Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke

Too neere vnto my State.

Therefore (my Harrie)

Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes

With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,

May waste the memory of the former dayes.

More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,

That strength of Speech is vtterly deny'd mee.

How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgie me

And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

Prince. My gracious Liege:

You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,

Then plaine and right must my possession be.

Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,

'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster,

and Warwick.

King. Look, look,

Heere comes my Lord of Lancaster:

John. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,

To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace

(Sonne John:

But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne

From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight

My worldly businesse makes a period.

Where